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Orleans County Monitor,

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GOODS CHEAPER THAN EVER UNTIL STORE IS SOLD.

E. O. RANDALL.

Dec. 27, 1880.

SUPPOSE.

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break its head,
Could you make it move and cry?
Till your eyes and nose were red?
And wouldn't it be a disaster
To treat it as a joke;
And say you're glad 'twas doll's,
And not your head, that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you sold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And to make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less walking
To say "it isn't fair?"
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

Suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole arrangement
Will be altered just for you?
And is not it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes, or what's to come,
To do the best you can?

VERNAL FAITH.

When heaven was stormy, earth was cold,
And sunlight shined the world was warm,
Thought burst through fields of endless life,
And fed on dreams that haunt the grave.

But now that heaven is freed from strife,
And earth's full heart with rapture swells,
Thoughts sweep through fields of endless life,
Above the shining asphodels.

What flower that drinks the south wind's breath,
What sparkling leaf, what Hesper's mould,
But floats the sunken grain-beard there,
And laughs our arctic doubts to scorn?

Pale scientist, scan of heavenly blood,
Your ghastly tones one moment close:
Flies freshness from a spring time bud,
Find wisdom in the opening rose.

Mark the little lily, whose sweet core
Has made a willow-bud warm, entwined,
And drew therefrom a honeyed lore,
Pure as the tender crocus of Christ!

Yea, even the weed, which upward holds
Its tiny ear past love and law,
A lovelier faith than yours unfolds,
Caught from the far faint wind of dawn.

—Paul H. Hayne in Harper's Magazine.

A gentleman who is fond of horses attended church recently where there is a somewhat prolonged service before they come to the sermon. "How were you pleased with the services?" asked a friend. "Oh, very much, though it did strike me that there was a good deal of scoring before they got off."

A little boy who was to pass the afternoon with a neighbor's little daughter was given two pieces of candy. When he returned his mother inquired if he gave the larger piece to the little girl. "No, mother, I didn't. You told me always to give the biggest piece to company, and I was company over there."

There is a marble lamb on the tombstone of an old Galvestonian, and when an old friend said to her for the first time he exclaimed: "How appropriate!" "Was he of a gentle disposition?" "When I guess not. He would shroud in a minute, but he always over-fed himself on spring lamb and green peas. That's what killed him, I reckon."

It is mighty embarrassing to a man who has some religious friends staying with him to have his dog, which has been very quiet during the week days, begin right after breakfast Sunday to run to the gun in the corner and turn to his master and wag his tail, and then run back to his chain and bark.

A witty old American judge, who had spent an evening with a young lawyer in the country whose office was on the second floor, and his departure stumbled on the stairs and fell to the bottom. The young lawyer hearing the noise rushed out and, seeing the judge lying on his back at the bottom of the stairs, hastened down and with great anxiety asked: "Is your honor hurt?" "No," said the judge, scrambling to his feet, "but my legs are."

"Mr. O'Rafferty," said the Galveston Recorder, "the witnesses all say you kicked the gentleman and called him all manner of vile names." "I don't know what happened," your honor. If I did that I am very sorry indeed." "Yes, you ought to regret it very much." "I do, indeed. It is wild me own families that I take such liberties, and if I have been treating such an ill-favored scoundrel as if he was a member of my own family I'll regret it to the last day of my life, I will."

A young man had his girl out riding in a no-top buggy the other afternoon. In one pocket he carried a bottle of spirits of ammonia for the headache, and in another he had a bottle of cologne, just purchased. As they were riding along he asked her to take a smell of his new perfume, but unfortunately placed the wrong bottle to her nose. She took a whiff, and said, "Gugug—gugug—huh—huh!" and went over out of the carriage backwards, and for an instant the air in the rear of the buggy was filled with stinging sticks, high-heeled shoes, arms, a choking girl, and so forth. She escaped serious injury, but she hasn't spoken to the young man since. Some girls get angry at the least little thing.

Itching Piles—Symptoms and Cure.
The symptoms are moisture, like perspiration, intense itching, increased by scratching, very distressing, increased at night, as if pin worms were crawling in and about the rectum; the private parts are sometimes affected; if allowed to continue very serious results may follow. "DR. SWANEY'S ALL-HEALING OINTMENT" is a pleasant cure. Also, for better, itching, salt rheum, scald head, erysipelas, barber's itch, blotches, all scaly, crusty, cutaneous eruptions. Price 50 cents. 3 boxes for \$1.25. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price in currency, or three cent postage stamps. Prepared only by Dr. Swaney & Son, 330 North Sixth St., Philadelphia, Pa., to whom letters should be addressed. Sold by all prominent druggists.

The Money Lender.

Mr. Edgar was a money lender and scrupled not in exacting the highest "street rates" of interest that could be obtained. If good paper were offered and he could buy it from the needy seeker of cash at two or even three per cent. a month, he did not hesitate about the transaction on any scruples of justice between man and man. Below one per cent. a month he rarely made loans. He had nothing to do with the question as to whether the holder of the bills could afford the sacrifice. The circle of his thoughts went not beyond gain to himself.

Few days closed with Mr. Edgar that he was not able to count up his gains as high as from thirty to one hundred dollars—not acquired in trade, not coming back to him as the reward of productive industry, but the simple accumulation of large clippings from the anticipated reward of others' industry. Always with a good balance in the bank he had but to sign his name to a check and that very slight effort was repaid by a gain of from ten to fifty dollars according to the size and time of the note he had agreed to discount. A shrewd man, and well acquainted with the business stand around him, Mr. Edgar rarely made mistakes in money transactions.

Was Mr. Edgar a happy man? Ah, that is a home question. But we answer frankly, no. During his office hours, while his love of gain was active—while good customers were coming and going, and good operations being effected, his mind was in a pleasurable glow. But at other times he suffered greatly from a pressure on his feelings, the cause of which he did not clearly understand. Wealth he had always regarded as the greatest good in life, and now he had not only had wealth but income therefrom was a great deal more than he had any desire to spend. And yet he was not happy; no, not even in the thought of his large possessions. Only in the mental activity through which more was obtained did he really find satisfaction; but this still was of short duration.

Positive unhappiness Mr. Edgar often experienced. Occasional losses, careful and shrewd as he always was, were inevitable. These fretted him greatly. To lose a thousand dollars instead of gaining, as was pleasantly believed, some sixty or seventy, was a shower of cold water upon his shivered love of accumulation, and he shivered painfully under the infliction. The opportunities of friends who needed money, and to whom it was unsafe to lend it, were also a source of no small annoyance. And, moreover, there was little of the heart's warm sunshine at home. As Mr. Edgar had thought more of laying up wealth for his children than the true riches of intellect and heart, ill weeds had sprung up in their minds. He had not loved them with an unselfish love, and he received not a higher affection than he had bestowed. Their prominent thought in regard to him seemed ever to be the obtaining of some concession to their real or imaginary wants; and if denied these they reacted upon him in anger, sullenness or complaint.

Oh, no, Mr. Edgar was not happy. Few gleams of sunshine lay across his path. Life, to him, in his own bitter words, uttered after some keen disappointment, had "proved a failure." And yet he continued eager for gain; would not as deep, exact as much, from those who had need of his money in their business as ever. The measure of his satisfaction was the measure of his satisfaction.

One day a gentleman said to him: "Mr. Edgar, I advised a young mechanic, who had been in business for a short time, and who has to take notes for his work, to call on you for the purpose of getting them cashed. He has no credit in bank, and is therefore compelled to go upon the street for money. Most of his work is taken by one of the safest houses in the city; his paper is, therefore, as good as any in the market. Deal as moderately with him as you can. He knows little about these matters, or where to go for the accommodation he needs."

"Is he an industrious and prudent young man?" inquired Mr. Edgar, cautiously and cupidity at once excited. "He is," replied the young man, visibly moved. "What's his name?" "Blakewell."

"Oh, I know him. Very well; send him along, and if his paper is good, I'll discount it."

"You will find it first rate," said the gentleman.

"How much shall I charge him?" "That was Mr. Edgar's first thought in that he was alone. Even as he asked himself the question, the young mechanic entered.

"You take good paper sometimes?" said the latter in a hesitating manner. The countenance of Mr. Edgar became very grave.

"Sometimes I do," he answered with assumed indifference.

"I wish discounted," said Blakewell.

"For how much?" "Three hundred dollars; six months," and he handed Mr. Edgar the note.

"I don't like over four months' notes," remarked the money lender coldly. Then he asked, "What rate of interest do you expect to pay?" "Whatever is usual. Of course I wish to get it done as low as possible. My profits are not large, and every dollar I pay in discounts is so much taken from the growth of my business and the comfort of my family."

"You have a family?" "Yes sir. A wife and four children."

Mr. Edgar, mused for a moment or two. An unselfish thought was struggling to get into his mind.

"What have you usually paid on this paper?" he asked. "The last I had discounted cost me one and a half per cent. a month."

"Notes of this kind are rarely marked below that rate," said Mr. Edgar. He had thought of exacting two per cent. "If you will leave the note and call round in half an hour, I will see what can be done."

"Very well," returned the mechanic. "Be as moderate with me as you can." For the half hour that went by during the young man's absence, Mr. Edgar walked the floor of his counting-room trying to come to some decision in regard to the note. Love of gain demanded two per cent. a month, while a feeble voice, scarcely heard, so far away did it seem, pleaded for a generous regard to the young man's necessities. The conflict taking place in his mind was a new one for the money lender. In no instance before had he experienced any hesitation on the score of a large discount. Love of gain continued clamorous for two per cent. on the note; yet ever and anon, the low voice stole in pleading accents to his ears.

"I'll do it for one and a half," said Mr. Edgar, yielding slightly to the claim of humanity, urged by the voice that seemed to be coming nearer. Love of gain, after slight opposition, was satisfied. But the low penetrating voice asked for something better still.

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